For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*
Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord.
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.
Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?
Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all,

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhal get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
vvere but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as *I* deſerue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then theſe, in loue *I* doe deſerue,
vvhat if *I* ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſtie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
as o're a brooke to ſee faire *Portia.*
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
to ribb her ſerecloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhee's immur'd,
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O ſinful thought, neuer ſo rich a *Iem*
vvas ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England